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Ulric *and* Ilvina:

THE
SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

In Two Volumes.

"SUNT ETIAM SUA PRÆMIA LAUDE."

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ULRIC AND ILVINA:

The Scandinavian Tale.

WHEN Ulric recovered, what words can paint his anguish, upon hearing that Ilvina was once more lost. He struck his clenched fist against his forehead, and trembled violently. He leaned on Hugo; and exclaimed, in a tremulous tone, "lost!—lost again!"

Soon recovering from this violent agitation, he raised his head; and, with calm despair painted in his eyes, ordered his men to embark for their native shores, but he himself would remain and seek Ilvina.

Vol. II.—B

"By my hopes of salvation thou stayest not alone," exclaimed Hugo. "I will share thy fortune and thy fate."

"No, Hugo," interrupted Ulric; "thou shalt not remain with me: I will not drain my country of her sons. Too many have already bled before yon hated walls. The cause is mine; the danger shall be mine also. Oh, ye heavenly powers! if justice be yours, restore the maid to these longing arms. Bring me, O God! but fronting to this foe: though sheathed in iron, if he escape my sword, forgive him heaven."

"Lord of Osel," exclaimed Rudolph, "whither art thou hurried by rage?"

"To rescue, or avenge Ilvina," interrupted Ulric, in a voice scarcely human;

and, as he spoke, half unsheathed his sword. All weakness, all lassitude was in an instant laid aside. The fire sparkled from his eyes, and the red glow of rage flushed his cheek.

“And goest thou alone,” said cautious Rudulph.

“Why not?”

“Bold as thou art, Ulric, yet numbers may overpower thee. Bold though thou wast,—bold though thy thousands were,—the tide of battle e’er now has been against thee. Thinkest thou, Ulric, to atchieve that alone, which thy united powers with difficulty performed?”

“If I fail,” exclaimed the chief, “the failure will be my own; on my head alone

shall it light. Osel shall bleed no more in Ulric's cause. The tears of the widow, and the curse of the orphan shall not light on his head. Return my heroes, return to your native shores; think no more upon Ulric. If success crown his endeavours, he will rejoin you; if he fails, you will see him no more. Return, my generous soldiers; return; and may the God of heaven protect ye." "May that God crush us with his angry bolts, if ever we desert our land. May the Scandinavian wolves lap the blood of our hearts; may her eagles tear our unburied limbs."

"Ulric, we live but for thee; with thee we will conquer, or with thee we will die."

"Hugo," said Ulric, "be silent; 'tis my last request, and let that request be obeyed."

"O Ulric! Ulric! see Rudolph kneeling before thee.

"Stern lord, he asks thee but to save thyself. He commands thee in thy country's name; that country which thou so tenderly lovest. He commands thee in Ilvina's name, whom thou holdest dearer than life. In the name of Heaven, Ulric, hear me. How can we, Ulric, return to our native land and leave our lord behind? The voice and finger of scorn will pursue us. None will commune with those who deserted thee. Thinkest thou, Ulric, that thou fulfillest the duty thou owest to thy country, if thou rashly incurrest thy death in the bloom of youth? Thou art delegated by heaven to protect the lands of thy father; and when thou standest before the awful tribunal of thy God, what wilt thou do if thou hast not

fulfilled thy trust! Thou art sacred to thy country, Ulric, and every drop of thy blood which is uselessly or rashly shed, will be registered against thee.

"Ilvina has been betrothed to thee. Though external ceremonies are yet wanting; in the eye of heaven she is thine. 'Tis thy duty, Ulric, to seek her, not to give way to despair; 'tis thy duty not alone to brave the hosts of the foe, but to —."

"Enough my soldier," cried Ulric, "I yield to thy entreaties. Do thou and Hugo, with twenty chosen chiefs, join me; let us instantly pursue the tracks of the foe. Let the rest of my heroes embark, set sail for Osel, and there wait our return."

Twenty warriors were selected, and the resolute band immediately entered that part of the forest towards which the enemy had retreated, and were soon concealed from the longing eyes of their companions by the thick foliage.

They marched till noon without observing any traces of the enemy. They now arrived at a small plain in the midst of the forest, from which they seemed to have passed by a multiplicity of directions. Here the pursuers were quite bewildered, and Ulric, who had with difficulty marched so far, found himself necessitated to halt. They kindled a fire and prepared the simple repast. They surrounded several large stones with fire, and when heated to a considerable degree, cleared away the fuel from about them, and lay'd on slices of venison. When these were suf-

ficiently broiled, others were placed upon them, and a comfortable, though homely repast, was soon prepared. They drank clear water from the bugle horns, and after they had satisfied their hunger and assuaged their thirst, Ulric begged Rudulph to rouse their spirits with an enlivening song.

"Ah! my Lord," said Rudulph with a sigh; "Mirth and I have long been unacquainted. How can he who stands alone in the world; whose dearest prospects in life have been ravished from him; whose golden dreams of future happiness have been blasted; how can he give way to joy?"

"Tell us the tale of thy woes, Rudulph," said Ulric, sighing; "Pray, my lord," cried Hugo, "let Rudulph's sorrows at

present rest in heaven; our own afflictions are sufficient at this time without any addition. Let us rather have something that may invigorate us, and help us on our journey briskly, for evening begins to close in."

"Do you then give us that something," interrupted Ulric. "I will endeavour," replied Hugo; "but my distracted state of mind must be deemed a sufficient apology for all imperfections."

I.

Though the bright forked lightnings flash,
Mid'st heav'ns high vault the dreadful gleam;
Though low they lay the tow'ring Ash,
Scath'd with many an opening seam;
Still the bold man of honest heart,
Fears not the red and fiery dart.

to

ULRIC AND ILVINA:

II.

Though the swoln torrent roaring falls,
Impetuous, deluging the plains;
Though fell destruction th' heart appals
Of him whom piercing conscience pains;
Yet the blest man of soul sincere,
A stranger still remains to fear.

III.

Though grief excessive wounds thy mind,
And anxious cares thy thoughts employ;
Though Fortune's ever been unkind,
Preventing thee life's course t' enjoy;
Still thy virtuous path maintain,
And thou the highest blifs shalt gain.

IV.

The spirit of our noble lord,
Shall courage to his troops impart;
Those troops, who haste with one accord,
To wield the sword or hurl the dart,
'Till Virtue's pow'r o'er Vice be found,
And Osel's bays with joy resound.

"Thanks, Hugo," said Ulric, "let us now advance."

They were undecided towards what quarter they should direct their course, when one of them discovered lying on the ground, a bracelet which he knew to have been Ilvina's. Following the direction which it seemed to point out, they resumed their march.

The ruddy beams of the setting sun darted through the trees. His orb, which was just above the horizon, as seen through their thick foliage, seemed of a blood red hue. Not a cloud broke the uniform deep azure of the heavens, except where the blaze of departing day tinged them with gold.

Before our adventurers lay a valley, growing gradually more and more narrow-

'till at the farther end it's only outlet seemed to be a chasm between two rocks. Down the center of this valley a swollen rivulet rushed brawling over a rude and rocky channel. The hills on the southern side rose at first with a gradual slope, which was clothed with thick embowering shrubs; above they assumed a bolder form; from their interstices the ash waved its pliant head, and the twining ivy adorned the sides with verdure. The faint flushes of departing day now gleamed upon their highest summits, and now—were seen no more.

The moon rising in calm majesty illuminated the face of the heavens, and cast her broad lights and shades on the bold and barren rocks which formed the northern barrier of the valley. They leaned over their solid bases, and seemed to frown indignantly on the vale below.

The gentle breeze of evening sighed through the black waving pines; and the dismal howling of the wolves was, at intervals, heard at a distance.

Our adventurers proceeded along this valley in silence, which was at length broken by Edda of Dago.

"God grant," said he, "that there be no banditti lurking in these woods. Ha! did not you see yon gleam in the thicket to the right? 'Twas the glitter of armour!" "Peace, Edda," cried Ulric, "nor disturb us with vain fears. What should banditti do in a desolate forest, seldom trodden by the foot of man?"

"But," said Rudolph, "though we may be safe from assaults of banditti, it is

highly probable that Lodrog's troops may have formed an ambush for us. Besides, what place can be more suitable for such a design than this narrow pass. A small number of men lodged about these mountains, might spread havock and desolation through a whole army below."

"Let them come," said Hugo, "let them come. I long to flesh my sword. I long to stain, with the blood of her foes, that blade which slew Olinda. I'll dare them to advance; they shall not find an easy conquest."

Scarce were these words uttered, when a shrill whistle rung through the woods on both sides of the pass. A moment of silence ensued, which was instantly succeeded by a dreadful shout. A thick shower of arrows and stones was poured from the hills on either side. The men

of Ulric fell, and saw not the hand which smote them. The soul of Hugo delighted in the din of battle, the neighing of steeds, and the clashing of arms. With an exulting shout he marshalled his scanty bands, and hurled his javelin at the hidden foes. Ulric felt the trembling joy of his soul arise; his breast was on fire, but his arm refused to hurl the spear. The foe rushed from the mountains, and, with irresistible fury, entered the plain below. In the darkness of the night they dealt indiscriminate blows. The troops from the right charged furiously those from the left, whilst the men of Ulric thundered upon both. Rudolph, Hugo, and Edda, fought beside their exhausted lord. Their foes fell before them, but fresh numbers succeeded the slain. The pale and exhausted Ulric leaned on a mossy rock; before him stood Hugo.

His eye flashed fire from beneath his shaggy brow, — his teeth were knit with rage, — and each distorted feature purpled with fury. With right foot advanced, and buckler flung aside, he fiercely whirled his biting blade, whilst the blood trickled through the joinings of his battered armour. By his side, cool and collected, stood Rudulph. On his ringing shield he received the darts of the foe; whilst, fatally steady, his extended spear dealt death. Edda fought as one who cares not for life. He rushed into the thickest of the enemy, hewing them down on either side, 'till at length, pierced with a dart, he fell. Overcome by the number of his foes, Hugo was obliged to yield in the presence of his fainting lord, and Rudulph sunk beside him. The men of Ulric lay scattered around them; except a few who betook

themselves to flight, and endeavoured, under cover of the night, to escape from their foes.

Flushed with victory, the troops of Lodrog pursued the fugitives with unre-mitted ardour.

Ulric, who had receiv'd no fresh wound, but had only fainted from excessive fatigue, soon recovered from his trance. He raised his aching head, and cast his eyes wistfully around. The moon again shone clear and bright, and he saw nothing but his chosen warriors weltering in their blood. Rudolph and Hugo lay close beside him. Hugo still shewed signs of life, but Rudolph was still as a corpse. Ulric unbound the helmet of Hugo, raised him from the ground and chafed his temples.

He soon recovered. He had received no wound of material consequence, but had fainted from fatigue, and beneath a multitude of blows.

They took off the armour of Rudulph, flung cold water upon him, till at length he also began to exhibit an appearance of recovery. His apparent death was occasioned by a violent confusion on the head.

Though restored to life, he was unable to move. To remain where they then were, would have been the height of folly, as the enemy would probably return. They could not think of leaving Rudulph behind them. What then was to be done? From this consideration and suspense they were relieved by an unexpected incident. They heard a horse neigh from a thicket near them. Thither Hugo immediately

directed his course, and found a fine courser tied to a tree. Doubtless he had been forgotten by the enemy in the hurry of the pursuit. On this animal they placed the wounded Rudolph, and having determined to follow the course of the rivulet, which they thought must soon lead them to the sea, with aching limbs and heavy hearts they continued their journey.

Once more the cheerful light of day illumined the heavens. The bright star of morning diffused its golden beams, and chased away the murky shades of night. The various tribes of animals awoke to light and motion, and the feathered warblers sang their matin hymns.

Slow, pale, and weak, the melancholy travellers wound their devious course through the forest. Each one preserved an

uniform silence, and each one revolved in his own mind the melancholy transactions of the preceding disastrous day.

Beneath the shade of an aged oak they halted, and assuaged their hunger with such provisions as they had brought with them, and quenched their thirst with the chrystal stream. They found themselves refreshed and invigorated with this repast. The pain of Rudolph's wound was much abated, and they pursued their journey with redoubled alacrity. To men whose minds were less agitated than theirs, their journey must have been delightful. The lofty trees which overcanopied them, protected them from the burning rays of the sun, whilst the murmurings of the distant water-fall were occasionally heard. Sometimes, through openings in the trees, they caught a dis-

tant view of a lofty mountain whose head was silvered with eternal snows. Sometimes, of rude horrid rocks, piled in bold barren grandeur, of tremendous precipices, down whose rugged sides the foaming streams precipitately rushed; and sometimes nearer them the gigantic black pine wav'd his hundred arms over their heads.

They now thought that they observed a blue smoke at a distance, ascending through the trees. They joyfully advanced towards it, and found it proceeded from a cave. At the door of this cave sat an old man of a very remarkable appearance. His beard of silver white streamed to the wind; his hoary locks hung around his furrowed cheeks. He was cloathed in a coarse black cloak, and from his neck with an iron chain depended a huge iron crucifix, and an immense seal, on which

various mysterious symbols were engraven. He sat on a square stone and kept his eyes intently fixed on a large volume which lay open on his knees. His appearance was such as excited wonder mixed with awe.

Our travellers approached him; and Ulric asked him if he had seen a company of knights pass that way?

Without raising his eyes, he replied,
“*Let him that wishes for knowledge search the
book of Fate!*”

“And where, O Father, shall we find it?” said Ulric.

“*With those to whom it is intrusted.*”

“Who are they?”

“*Seek.*”

"Where shall we seek?"

"Enquire."

"Of whom?"

"Of the wise."

"Who are they?" said Hugo.

"Those who know the book of Fate."

"Juggler," exclaimed Hugo, "lay aside this affected apathy. Tell us unequivocally where we can obtain information?"

"Disturb me no more," cried the old man in a tone of voice which made them tremble.

Hugo still persisted, when the old man, rising, fixed his terrible eyes upon him, muttered several words, and waved a wand which he drew from under his garment. Hollow groans were heard in the

cave, and a thick smoke issued from its mouth, which veiled the old man from their sight. The travellers stood in silent horror. In a few moments the smoke dissipated, the mouth of the cave and the square stone again appeared, but the man of years was gone. Hollow groans were again heard, and Ulric, Rudolph, and Hugo, terrified, betook themselves to flight.

They had not proceeded far when they found a rustic lying asleep at the foot of a tree. Him they awoke, and eagerly enquired if he knew what the old man they had seen was.

"Ah! sir knights," replied the countryman, "you must be strangers indeed if you have not heard of the famous Phrydtscald."

Rudulph turned pale. "Phrydtscald!" exclaim'd he, "yes, Phrydtscald," replied the informer: "may hap you have heard of him. There is not a man in the whole country round who has not experienced some good or bad turn from his hands. He knows all that is to happen, and all that has happened.

"Those who are so happy as to get him to direct their conduct, always succeed: those who offend him, are as certain to fail. Phrydtscald is the terror of the wicked. He never fails to point out the murderer. Sometimes he tells to persons what is to take place during the future part of their lives."

"And how can we obtain such information from him," enquired Rudulph, eagerly.

"Boldly enter his cave, and command him to inform you. If you are resolute, you are in no danger; but if you shew signs of fear, you are lost."

"Come on," said Rudolph, a dreadful joy lightening up his countenance, "I know this Phrydtscald, come on." Ask me no questions now:—I repeat I know him:—another time I'll acquaint you with particulars; come on. I will pierce the impenetrable veil which envelopes my fate, in which this man, or whatever else he may be, is most mysteriously involved. Thou, O Ulric, mayst hear of thy Ilvina."

Awed and astonished by his manner, Ulric and Hugo followed him, in expectation of hearing some dreadful mystery revealed.

They quickly retraced their former footsteps, and again stood before the sorcerer's cave. They looked in; all was enveloped in a thick smoke, so that they could see but a very small distance before them.

"Phrydtscald," cried Rudulph.

"*Who calls on me?*" replied a voice from within the cave.

"Inform us of our fate," cried Ulric.

"*Tell me who thou art,—relate thy former life,—and beware of falsehood!*"

"I am," replied Ulric, "Lord of Osel and Dago: a descendant of that illustrious race to whom these islands have, for many generations, belonged. In my early youth I was sent to visit the principal cities of Scandinavia; and one night being overtaken by a storm, I was obliged to take

shelter in a castle, where dwelt a widow lady and her beautiful daughter. With them, I could have remained for ever; and not without the greatest difficulty could I tear myself from that most amiable of her sex, the daughter of my hostess. Before we parted, we interchanged vows of eternal fidelity. I returned to Osel, and found my father in the agonies of death. He died. I returned to my beloved Ilvina; and judge of my horror and surprize, when I was informed, that she had been forcibly carried off by the baron Lodrog, of Hedemora, and that her mother had since died of grief, with her last breath wishing for me to rescue her child. I returned to Osel, and gathered together my troops, and led them against the lord of Hedemora. We were successful, and recover'd Ilvina. An unexpected misfortune deprived me of her again. O

Phrydtscald ! if prescience is thine, tell me, shall I behold my Ilvina once more ?”

“ *Are ye bold ?*” said the voice.

“ Bold as mortals can be who are guiltless of any crime, and who fear God alone.”

“ *Then prepare to follow me.*”

The smoke dissipated, and they found the sorcerer standing before them. His eyes were red and ghastly ; a black fillet was bound tight round his temples. Over the black garment he had a white robe, painted with unknown characters. His feet were bare. Round his middle was a girdle of bones strung together ; in his right hand he had his wand,—in his left, a small bag and a lamp.

"*Follow me,*" said he, " in a hollow tone of voice, and directed his steps to a remote part of the cave.

They followed him, and descended a long flight of steps. They arrived at an iron door. The sorcerer opened his bag, and took out a piece of wax and a key. He opened the door, and then stamped it with his seal. They descended several more steps, 'till at length they found themselves at the bottom, and in an immense vault, apparently excavated from the solid rock. The feeble flame of the lamp did not illuminate half its extent. The sorcerer stepped before a small altar, and having set his crucifix upon it, placed a human scull before it. He burnt some incense, which diffused a thick smoke, and rendered the vault more obscure. With his wand he described a circle

round the knights, then laid his book open upon the altar, and began to read aloud in an unknown language.

As he read, he became convulsive. His convulsions continued to grow more and more dreadful, and his voice louder and louder. Hugo shuddered. Ulric gazed in silent amazement, mixed with horror; and Rudolph regarded the sorcerer with such earnestness, that his existence seemed to depend upon every act.

The horrible distortions of Phrydtscald continued to increase; 'till at length he raised his eyes from the book, and extending his hands, screamed in the most frightful manner, "*Come! Come! Come!*"

The sorcerer's hands remained extended,—his eyes seemed starting from

their sockets,—and every feature was distorted to a dreadful degree. Suddenly tremendous sounds were heard, which seemed composed of the loudest claps of thunder, and the most agonizing shrieks. A thick smoke issued from the ground, nearly in the centre of this subterraneous cavern; the thunder and the shrieks became, if possible, still more alarming. On a sudden all became calm; the smoke dissipated, and a ghastly figure reared itself before them. He was sheathed in complete armour, from every joint of which his blood distilled. His helmet was off, and his yellow locks were clotted with coagulated gore. A huge gash disfigured his face. The hair of Ulric and Hugo stood at an end with horror; but Rudolph was calm and composed.

"*What wantest thou with me?*" said the spectre, in a dreadful tone.

"*Art thou happy?*" asked the sorcerer.

The spectre shook his head; at the same moment his armour clanked.

Rudulph darted forward, and plunged his sword in his body. The spectre fell, groaning. Phrydtscald uttered a loud cry, and was about to extinguish the lamp; when Rudulph, seizing him by the arm, exclaimed, with furious energy, "Villain! I have at last detected thee. Thou shalt atone for thy impious crimes by death."

"Hear me, good knight, hear me, and I will reveal all," cried the kneeling sorcerer; "but think not by force to

extort the truth. You may writhe these ancient limbs upon the wrack, or crush them on the wheel; but thou shalt never subdue my soul."

"Come forth to the open day," said Ulric, (who, till now, had been silent from astonishment) "that, free from thy damned machinations, we may learn thy black designs."

The sorcerer, guarded by Rudulph and Hugo, led the way out, and Ulric followed them.

When they had fairly got out of the cave, Ulric seated himself on the square stone, whilst Rudulph and Hugo watched Phrydtscald.

"To enable you, my lord," said Rudulph, "to comprehend the nature of the

injury I have received from this sorcerer, it is necessary for me to relate certain circumstances, with which you are probably unacquainted.

About a year ago, my father sent me to Iceland, to visit some relations. There I became acquainted with the beautiful Bertha, daughter of a widow lady. Bertha's mother died.—After a decent time had elapsed, Bertha and I were married, with the consent of all our relations. For some time we enjoyed the greatest felicity, and were making preparations for removing to my native land; when, one evening, my Bertha returned from her oratory in the greatest alarm imaginable. She declared she had seen a ghost, which had spoken to her. Of what he said she was unable to give any information, as she had fainted immediately. She

declared, she should be miserable until she knew what the ghost wished to communicate.

Phrydtscald was, at that time, in Iceland. His celebrity was so great, that I was tempted to invite him to my castle, in order to obtain for Bertha, this wished-for gratification. He was conducted to the oratory; and, after ceremonies, nearly similar to those he performed to day, a figure, exactly resembling my father, rose apparently from the altar:—and Oh! judge the horror of me and my wife,—declared she was my sister.—We both fainted. I need not attempt to describe our unfortunate situation. When I recovered, I instantly placed my wife in a convent, and returned to Osel, to endeavour to obtain information from my father. But my father died on the very day on

which the apparition first appeared. His death was suspected to have been occasioned by poison. Some faint gleam of hope seemed to result from this.

I returned to Iceland, near to the monastery in which I had placed my beloved wife. On approaching, I overheard the cries of a female, apparently in distress. On a nearer approach, I observed a lady struggling with some ruffians. I rescued her, and slew the principal of the villains. Judge of my amazement, upon finding the lady to be my Bertha. The abbess of the convent had treacherously delivered her up to the vassals of that unprincipled baron whom I had just killed. I returned to Osel, determined to seek him all over the world,—when your expedition to Hedemora happily diverted me from my purpose; happily, I say, because

it has been the occasion of my discovering this villain.

“ Phrydtscald,” continued Rudolph, “ as you hope for mercy in this world, or in the world to come, relieve me from my dreadful suspense. Was that spectre really my father’s shade, or was it what I trust it was, only a deception?” “ Knight,” replied Phrydtscald, “ promise to pardon me, and I will faithfully reveal all.”

“ Thou shalt obtain pardon,” cried Ulric.

The sorcerer threw himself on his knees, and returned thanks to Ulric, who ordered him to rise, and relate the whole truth.

"The baron Throngstein," said he, "conceived a violent passion for thy Bertha, Sir Rudulph, but knew not in what manner to effect a separation betwixt you and her. He consulted me, and we together formed that scheme, which had so nearly taken effect. We dispatched an emissary to Osel, who procured your father's death by poison."

"O villain! damned villain!" exclaimed Rudulph, striking his forehead.

The hardened sorcerer proceeded, unmoved.

"The appearance of the apparition on the exact day on which your father died, was an accidental coincidence. The apparition was a servant of the baron's, who, as he resembled you, we concluded, would resemble your father also."

"Enough" cried Rudulph, "inform us of the meaning of thy machinations to-day."

"I will," replied the sorcerer; "The baron Lodrog passed this way to-day."

"To-day!" interrupted Ulric.

"Yes," answered Phrydtscald, "he informed me that he had laid an ambush for you; and intreated, that if you escaped it, I would, by my magical arts, prevent you from proceeding, and, if possible, make away with you. This I engaged to do; and intended, when you were sufficiently terrified, to have extinguished the lamp, retreated, and locked you in the vault. The spectre, whom you have killed, was the man who personated thy father, Sir Rudulph. And now, sir knights, having laid myself entirely upon your mercy, I trust you will reward my candour, by granting me a free pardon."

"Hardened, unblushing villain," cried Ulric, "thou oughtest not to live; but I have promised, and the word of a knight is ever sacred. Hence, away!—quit our presence,—nor pollute our eyes with thy hated appearance."

The sorcerer, trembling, again betook himself to his cave.

"Though," said Ulric, "we forgive, yet we will deprive him of the means of future imposition."

"Quit thy cave," commanded Ulric, "the engines of thy villany shall be consumed; thou shalt no more deceive the unwary vulgar."

The sorcerer quitted his cave, and fled into the woods. The knights placed a

heap of faggots in the centre of the cave, and set fire to it. The crackling flames speedily consumed all the implements of villany; and the rock above being shattered by the heat, a huge mass fell from the top, and effectually closed up the entrance of the cavern.

Satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, our knights pursued their journey.

He marched on with the utmost alacrity, and they halted not until the declining sun gave place to the shades of night. Beneath the sacred umbrage of an aged oak, the knights stretched out their wearied limbs, and enjoyed a more calm and refreshing slumber, than they had for days been blessed with.

No sooner had the golden-haired Phœbus appeared above the horizon, than the knights were roused from their slumbers by a confused noise, which seemed to proceed from a multitude of people, at no great distance. They hastily arose; and whilst putting on their armour, Hugo ascended a tree to reconnoitre.

He soon descended, and informed his companions, that a number of half-armed country people, who, with Phrydtscald at their head, were shouting, and searching all the thickets on both sides of the rivulet.

"The villain," cried Ulric, "has roused the rustics to pursue us, and to reveng his cause. Dearly shall he rue his treachery."

“ Deep, dark-souled monster,” exclaimed Rudolph, “ my father’s blood cries for vengeance from the grave. My Bertha’s wrongs cry for vengeance; they shall now be satisfied.”

Cool and collected, the knights calmly waited the approach of Phrydtscald and his banditti. Phrydtscald soon perceived them, and pointed them out to his companions, who, surrounding the place where they stood, were preparing to attack them; when Ulric, stepping forward, waved his hand and made a motion to speak. The major part of the croud were for hearing him, but Phrydtscald would not permit it. “ Do not hear them,” exclaimed the murderous Phrydtscald, “ fall on them without delay,—tear them limb from limb; he that refuses instantly to obey, shall be subjected to my severest vengeance.”

The disorderly rabble rushed in vain upon the knights, whose armour bid defiance to the utmost efforts of the unarm'd multitude. Our warriors acted only on the defensive, and disdained to stain their swords with such ignoble blood. Phrydtscald, enraged at seeing his attempts thus baffled, advanced nearer; and, by every means he could devise, encouraged his men to renew their attacks with still greater vigour. Rudolph forced his way through the croud; and, seizing Phrydtscald by the hair of his head, plunged his sword into his side. "This, for my father," he exclaimed. He waved the bloody weapon aloft, and crying, "This for my Bertha," severed the sorcerer's head from his body. Holding the convulsed head high in the air; "See here," he cried, "your Phrydtscald is no more!"

The crowd gazed with terror, and, overcome with fear, betook themselves to flight, concluding, that they, who could prevail against Phrydtscald, must be more than mortals. The knights did not attempt to pursue them.

A strong south wind now began to blow, bringing with it a night of black clouds, which enveloped the whole horizon. The birds and other animals, with fearful cries, fled to the forest for shelter. The wind groaned heavily. The large drops of rain began to fall, and the thunder pealed at a distance. A violent hail-storm succeeded, whose merciless buffetings compelled our travellers to seek for shelter under a spreading tree. The hail was followed by an incessant fall of rain, which soon penetrated the thickest branches of the tree; so that our

knights, finding themselves as much exposed as if in the open air, determined to prosecute their journey.

This drenching rain continued for several hours. At length, however, it subsided, and a still calm ensued. All nature seemed refreshed and invigorated by the rain; the trees and other plants exhaled a delightful odour; the waters of the rivulet were swoln and discoloured by the storm, in some places it had overflowed its banks.

They had not advanced much farther before they arrived at a great river which the rivulet joined. This river appeared to be much swoln likewise; and was carrying down its rapid stream trunks of trees, and other indexes of the devastation committed by the late storm. On

the opposite side was a cottage. Our travellers had not tasted food this day; they felt themselves faint for want of it. They endeavoured by shouting to attract the attention of some people on the other side, in order to prevail on them to ferry them over in a boat which they observed tied to an opposite tree. The people either could not or would not hear. The impatient Hugo stripped off his clothes and armour, and swore he would swim across. Rudolph in vain urged the violence of the current. Hugo continued obstinate; and, without paying the least attention to the advice of his friends, instantly plunged in.

For a short time he swam right for the destined part; but when he was about a third over, the impetuosity of the torrent got the better of him, and he was

precipitately carried down. Ulric and Rudulph stood on the shore, contemplating his fate with silent anguish. They were unable to render him any assistance. They saw him buffeting the stream with all his might, but in vain. He at length raised his head above the waters; and, exerting his voice, exclaimed, "Farewel, lord Ulric, I perish ——!" He said no more, but was whirled precipitately on, and was not seen again.

At a small distance below the place from which he had swam, was a precipice of considerable height; over which the torrent furiously rushed into a dark abyss below.

"Alas!" exclaimed Ulric, "he is wash'd down the precipice; and must be

either dashed to pieces on the rocks, or drowned in the unfathomable abyfs. Let us at least endeavour, Rudulph, to recover the lifelefs body of our friend."

They haftily descended the precipice, and waited in anxious expectation of the body of Hugo being thrown on shore. They waited in vain. The shades of night began to descend; the body of him they wished for never appeared.

Silent and melancholy they stood gazing on the boiling flood. Ulric leaned on his fpear. The damp breeze of evening whiftled through his streaming hair. The unreprefsed tear trickled down his cheek. The frequent fighs burst from his heaving breast. He turned towards Rudulph, and thus addrefsed him.

"Rudolph, why art thou so sad? Why do thy longing eyes so greedily survey the cruel deep? Hugo is gone; our tears cannot restore him. The hour of death is fixed for every one. 'Tis better to be snatched away in the meridian blaze of youth and glory, than to drag our weary limbs through the cold and sunless winter of feeble old age. Peace be with thee, Hugo; thou wast dear to my soul. Though boisterous amidst the crash of spears, thy heart beat high with friendship and love. Thou art gone for ever. No more shall I hear thy cheerful voice in my halls. No more wilt thou join me in the chace. No more shall we share the toils and the dangers of war. Mourn no more, Rudolph; our tears cannot restore him."

"Thou wast dear to me as a brother," exclaimed Rudulph. "O, Hugo, Hugo, thou art for ever gone! Oft, when boys, have we sported together on the verdant coasts of our native isle;—Those days are gone,—They shall return no more. —Thou, Ulric, hast lost a brave and valiant soldier,—I, a faithful friend."

They returned to the fatal spot where he had plunged into the river, and, with their swords, lopped the branches from a tree, on the naked trunk of which they hung the arms of Hugo, and carved on the tender bark, in rude characters,

"TO THE MEMORY OF HUGO.
ALAS! HE IS NO MORE."

'Twas now dark night. They, with heavy hearts, stretched themselves out at

the foot of the tree, and composed themselves to rest. Rudulph slept a little. The rest of Ulric was broken and perturbed. He awoke early in the morning with a dreadful start, with horror painted in his countenance.

He roused Rudulph. "I have had a dreadful dream," he exclaimed. "I dreamt that I was in the great hall of my forefathers at Osel. The priest was just joining the hands of Ilvina and myself, when, suddenly, the earth yawned between us, and a hideous chasm appeared, through which a river of blood rolled its sanguine billows. The great door of the hall was thrown open, and a long train of dim, ghastly spectres, clad in armour, entered. I knew them by the effigies to be my forefathers.

"I will be united to thee," cried I to Ilvina.

"*Ave Never!*" exclaimed all the spectres at once, and all stamping with their feet; their armour fell off with a hideous crash, and they appeared a band of fleshless skeletons. They touched Ilvina, who instantly shrunk down as if dead. I was about to leap across the chasm, when me thought Hugo raised his head and hands in a supplicating posture, from the midst of the river of blood. I stooped to assist him. He drew me headlong down I thought, and I sunk to the bottom. My sudden fall awoke me."

"Surely, my lord," said Rudolph, "you cannot suffer this dream to alarm you seriously. You must certainly see, that your fancy, agitated by the distracting events

of these few past days, has been conjuring up demons, which will never be realized."

"Though I am convinced of the truth of your observation," replied Ulric, "yet I feel an unusual kind of melancholy, foreboding of I know not what misfortune. God grant, that what you say may be true, and that no new calamity is impending over us."

"Do not indulge such melancholy ideas," said Rudolph. "The measure of our ills seems now to be nearly complete. Fortune, satisfied with our sufferings, will cease to persecute us more. The tide of adversity will soon reach it's height; it will begin to ebb, and prosperity will, hereafter, be our's."

Once more they returned to the foot of the waterfall, but no remains of Hugo could they behold. Silent and melancholy they followed the course of the river, and determined to continue their route till it should bring them to the sea.

Ulric pierced a stag with his spear, and thus procured, for himself and companion, that sustenance of which they stood in much need.

Towards evening, they found the river widen much, and, on turning a projecting rock, were gratified with a view of the sea, and a village situated near the beach.

It was near the time of the setting sun. His departing beams gilded the beautiful verdant lawn on which the village was situated; a lawn which extended from the shore to the rocks and thick forests which surrounded it on the western and

southern sides. On this green the innocent inhabitants of the village, tempted by the delightful serenity of the evening, were assembled ; and were diverting themselves, after the fatigues and avocations of the day, with dancing, singing, and other amusements.

The innocent rustics ceased their sports on the arrival of the knights ; but, at their intreaty, recommenced them. All the gaiety which every thing around them breathed, could not extort a smile from Ulric or Rudolph.

“ Sir knights,” said a grey-headed rustic who approached them, leaning on his staff, “ methinks you’re sad. I too am sad. You, perhaps, have lost a friend, or a brother, or even a father. I have lost a son :—the stay of my declining years,

the support of his aged and feeble sire—
Excuse me, sir knights, I must weep;
buffeted as I have been by misfortunes,
the tears will burst forth. You weep,
noble gentlemen: kind souls, you can
pity the unfortunate.—It matters not, this
hoary head has stood many a storm; but
this will be the last. I shall die, and be
forgotten."

The old man ceased. He endeavoured,
with his hand, to wipe away the tear
which was moistening his furrowed cheeks.
The effort was vain, they flowed the
faster. He turned his back to indulge
them unrestrained.

Ulric and Rudolph wept also. They
silently gazed on the old man as he slowly
and tremblingly receded from them—
his grey locks agitated by the evening
breeze.

"Ah!" exclaimed Ulric, "perhaps the poor old man is in want; let us hasten, Rudulph, and relieve him." They soon overtook the man of years, who gratefully received the donation which they bestowed upon him.

In one of the cottages of the village they enjoyed a comfortable refreshment; and, that they might, unrestrainedly, indulge their reflections, they went to the sea-shore.

'Twas night. The moon, though past the full, was but little decreased in size. She was not much elevated above the surface of the ocean, but shed her nearly-horizontal beams through the thick haze which was rising from it; and which, from the reflection of her light, assumed a fiery tinge. At times, the aurora-bore-

alis shot a broad glare, uncommonly vivid, across the horizon,—at times, gave place to darkness.

Now, the thin fleecy clouds would glance, with a meteor's swiftnefs, across the star-bespangled surface of heaven; and now, the thick black clouds, in slow progression, would shroud the heavens in their murky veil. In the distant hills the waterfalls at times became visible, when they caught the trembling gleams of silver light; at times, in the intervals of the gentle bréeze, their murmurings caught the ear. The breeze was just sufficient to curl the surface of the sea, which was most uncommonly luminous,—and slowly rolled it's apparently-fiery waves on the pebbly beach, whilst sparkles of fire seemed to fly from the dashing oars of a galley which was slowly approaching the shore.

The appearance of a galley at such a time, and on such an unfrequented shore, greatly surprized Ulric and Rudulph. It at length occurred to them, that it might, perhaps, be some-way connected with those whom they were seeking. They likewise recollected, that, owing to the agitation of their minds, they had neglected to make the necessary enquiries at the village, concerning the object of their journey. Stealing cautiously along the beach, they determined to be silent spectators of what might go forward on the landing.

The galley drew as close as possible to the shore. Several of the men leaped on land, and sounded a horn. The signal was instantly answered by those in the village. Several men came running down

to the water side. More followed; and a crowd soon gathered about the strangers.

Rudulph stripped off his armour; and, muffling himself up in a piece of an old sail which he found on the shore, he mixed unperceived with the multitude.

"Well," said one of the villagers, "is the lady any thing more contented than she was."

"O yes," replied one of the strangers, (whom Rudulph knew by his voice to be one of Lodrog's officers,) "as happy and contented as possible. You will return our lord's thanks for the use of the galley, and we will take back the boat which you mentioned."

"Very good," replied the villager;
"but let me tell you that two knights
arrived here to-day."

"The devil they did!"

"Yes; one of them tall, fair-haired, and
strong limbed; the other had black curly
hair, stout made, as handsome, but not so
tall nor grand looking as the other."

"Mother of mercy!" cried the officer,
"I'll be sworn the first is lord Ulric;"
"and the other sir Rudulph," interrupted
a bye-stander. "Where are they now?"

"Somewhere strolling by the beach."

"By all the saints, 'tis time we were
off then! Come along, boys; we must
take to the galley again: and, hark ye!

if these fellows question ye, be sure to tell them you know nothing about us; for if you betray us, we'll send your souls to purgatory with a vengeance." So saying they went on board, and immediately began to push off.

The crowd dispersed; and Rudolph, slipping away, went to relate to Ulric the information he had gained. Ulric was overjoyed to find there was yet a chance of recovering Ilvina.

The moon now shone bright, and they could discern the galley at a considerable distance from the land. They cut out a fisherman's boat, and getting into it, began to row vigorously.

In this manner they proceeded for several hours, till they found themselves so

near an island, that, by the light of the moon, they could see it distinctly. They now lay upon their oars, and permitted the galley to land her men without attempting to draw nearer, as they were afraid of being detected.

When the galley disappeared from them, by being drawn up into a winding bay, they made to the shore, and landed at a place some distance from that on which the galley had disembarked her crew.

They tied their boat to a large stone, and, as the sun was not yet risen, laid themselves down to sleep on the sandy beach.

Weary with their exertions, they slept soundly for several hours. At length, the brightness of the sun awoke Rudolph,

who, raising himself up, perceived Ulric was yet sleeping, though apparently in great agitation: his hair was erect with horror,—his face expressive of anguish, mixed with terror. He moved his eyes without opening them, and grasped the sand with his hands. Rudolph could not bear to see him in such a state, but awoke him.

Ulric, on being roused, stared around him.

“Where am I?” he exclaimed. “Who art thou?” “Doeest thou not know thy soldier,” cried Rudolph.

Ulric grasped his hand, gazed a moment in his face, and then exclaimed, “Yes, Rudolph, I know thee; pardon me, my friend. I was not myself. O, Rudolph, I have had a deadly dream.

" Methought I was in the midst of a vast unbounded ocean, where billows were rolling in every direction. No star, nor moon, nor sun was visible. All the heavens were wrapped in a thick impenetrable veil. The wind roared, the lightning flashed, the hail battered, the rain poured. The tremendous billows heaved mountains high. I alone in a small open boat, was exposed to the horrors of the storm, and expected immediate annihilation. Suddenly I saw, through the darkness, an immense and infinite form, to which I could assign no definite bounds. The tempest died away,—my hair stood on end with fear. A voice, preternaturally dreadful, cried, "Ulric!" my heart shrunk within me. At that moment you awakened me, Rudolph. I do believe this dream to be only the offspring of a disturbed imagi-

nation, though I will candidly confess, that it disordered me much."

"Keep up your spirits, my good lord," said Rudolph. "I trust, we are drawing towards the close of our adventures."

"But, Rudolph," interrupted Ulric, "what shall we do now. In what manner shall we proceed in this investigation?"

"In my opinion," said Rudolph, "we had better ascend some high hill, in order to observe what the extent of the island may be,—and to see if we can discover any smoke, any castle, or any trace of those we are in pursuit of. In the mean time, it will be proper to look out for some refreshment, to enable us the more easily to support the fatigue of ascending the mountain."

They found a quantity of fish in the boat which they had made off with. These they dressed, and then set out on their journey.

Near the shore there commenced an almost impervious forest, above which they perceived the towering summit of a lofty mountain. Towards this they bent their way. They advanced slowly, and with difficulty, through the woods: the ground was, in some places, swampy, in others, over-grown with briars, and in others, incommoded by fallen trees. Our travellers had no sooner got through one of these impediments, than they met with another. At length, they made their way through this natural barrier, and found themselves on the verdant slope of the mountain, at a height where the keenness of the air prevented the growth of timber.

Along this slope they advanced for some time, until, on turning a rock, they found themselves at the opening of a most delightful valley, sheltered on every side, by rocks, from the violence of the wind. Nature seemed to have lavished all the beauties, of which she had deprived the rest of the island, on this favored spot. In the centre was a pellucid lake, continually supplied by the chrystal streams of melted snow, which trickled down the sides of the mountain. The lake was bordered by the most verdant turfy margins, adorned with a thousand flowers: shrubs and a few scattered groves of trees, bounded the daisied lawn, which, at irregularly-disposed intervals, displayed the most delicious glades; here, a huge pine waved his gigantic arms from a riven rock; and here, the oak majestically beautiful, diffused his venerable shade. In some

places immense masses of rock, torn from the frowning precipice above, had rolled into the valley, — and, by their rugged grandeur, formed a pleasing contrast with the rest of the scene.

Above all these decorations, the rock rose majestically bold. On the side next the mountain a bold and abrupt precipice towered to an immense height; its summits of eternal snow were unviolated by the foot of man. The mountain goat stood upon the ridge of the projecting precipice; with calm and intrepid eye he surveyed the abyss below. The bear prowled through the grove, and the famished wolf howled at a distance. Our travellers quitted this spot, and recommenced the arduous task of ascending the mountain. Their way lay over loose heaps of stones, which were con-

tinually giving way under them, and rolling with a terrible noise into the valley. They at length gained a spot, which, though not at the top of the mountain, was sufficiently elevated to enable them to regard with contempt the country below. The island appeared of small extent, in some places covered with ancient forests, in others the rough and barren rocks appeared. At a distance, rising from a thick part of the forest, a blue column of smoke ascended from amidst the trees. No where else could they discern the smallest trace of inhabitants.

“There,” cried Ulric, transported with joy, “there let us direct our course. O thou incomprehensible inhabitant of æther, how wonderful are thy ways! Thou hast taken Hugo; I do not repine,

for it pleased thee so to do. If thou restorest me Ilvina, with what extatic joy shall I receive her. If 'tis thy will that I see her no more, I murmur not at thy decree. Come on, my noble friend," he exclaimed, a glow of heavenly enthusiasm lighting up his fine features, "we will at least see from whence this smoke proceeds."

They advanced for some time down the mountain, and had once more entered the forest, when Ulric, suddenly starting, seized Rudulph by the shoulder. "Tell me, Rudulph," he cried, "did they not say that Ilvina was happy?"

"They did, my lord."

"They did! they did! slave, thou liest."

"Strike then," said Rudulph, boldly advancing; "I tell thee what I heard."

"Thou conspirest against me; Ilvina happy! Traitor! thou hast calumniated her, and betrayed me."

"If," cried Rudolph, dropping on one knee, "If to fight by thy side, to share thy toils and dangers, to bleed for thee, to prefer thee to myself, to mourn when thou hast mourned, and to weep when thou hast wept; if this be to betray thee, then, Ulric, I am a traitor. But no: I have said what was told me. Ilvina was wrong, and Rudolph must bleed for her fault: Strike then, Ulric: but tell me, is he who smooths his tale with fiction's honied words, or he who tells the unadorned truth, most to be trusted, or most to be esteemed?"

"O Rudolph!" exclaimed Ulric, affectionately raising him, "thou hast cut

me to the heart. O my soldier, my companion, my friend, canst thou forgive me? I have suspected thee, Rudulph! 'Twas the transient emotion of a moment. Away with it. — But can Ilvina be false? — If she is, why am I here?"

"Calm thyself, my lord," interrupted Rudulph; "who can vouch for the truth of what Lodrog's officer told us? He probably has but few opportunities of seeing Ilvina; and, if he does see her, is probably too brutal to notice whether she is happy or not. He may think that most women would be happy in a similar situation; and, extending the same brutal ideas to Ilvina, with whose sensibility he is unacquainted, he will naturally draw, as a conclusion, that she must be happy likewise."

Somewhat reliev'd by these arguments, but the dæmon of jealousy still was working in his breast, Ulric, with hasty strides, forced his way over all impediments.

They had now advanc'd into the thickest part of the forest; when, at a small distance from them, they heard the cries of a female, which were occasionally interrupted by the sound of a male voice.

"Come along," exclaimed this latter, "you thought to escape, did you; faith you was mistaken. Come, come, you need not struggle, nor scream; there's nobody near to hear you."

"Ulric darted forward; and, with one blow of his sword, clove the ruffian in twain. The lady whom he was dragging along in his arms, fell with him to the

ground. 'Twas Ilvina. "Kind Calmar!" she cried, "friend of the wretched Ilvina, is it thee?"—" 'Tis too true," exclaimed Ulric, in a frantic tone; and tearing open his visor, which had been closed, "No, perfidious Ilvina! 'tis not thy Calmar; 'tis the injured, the forgotten Ulric."—Then turning from her, to conceal his anguish, he inarticulately exclaimed, "O woman! woman!"

Pale, trembling, and terrified, Ilvina would have fallen down again, if Rudolph had not supported her in his arms. For a moment the violence of her emotions overcame her so much that she could not speak. "Ah, Ulric! my dear Ulric! is it thee?" she at length exclaimed; "Why dost thou speak so harshly? why dost thou call me perfidious? I love thee, and thee

alone. Hear me, Ulric!"—She threw herself at his feet, her eyes suffused in tears.

"Ulric," cried Rudolph, "canst thou behold thy Ilvina kneeling, weeping at thy feet, and not raise her? How could Ilvina know thee when sheathed in arms? How could she expect thee here? Was it not natural for her to conclude that it was Calmar, the friend of misfortune, whose kindness thou too hast shared?"

Ulric affectionately raised Ilvina, and threw himself at her feet. "'Tis mine to be the suppliant," he cried, "for daring to doubt thy truth. Forgive, adorable Ilvina! the wild idea of a moment, which nothing but my excessive love could have given rise to."

"Rise, Ulric!" interrupted the maid, "thou art forgiven." He rose; and, clasping her in his arms, they forgot their cares in a mutual embrace.

"Come, my lord," exclaimed Rudolph, "we must not waste time in idle endearments; we must improve the opportunity which fortune has afforded us, and instantly make our escape."

"Come then, my dear Ilvina," said Ulric, "let us immediately hasten our departure from this hated isle."

They re-measured their steps, though with less celerity than they had formerly advanced. They soon, however, gained the coast, and perceived their boat and two men lying asleep in it.

"O, holy saints," cried Rudulph, "we are discovered. These are spies who are placed to watch us."

"Come on," cried Ulric, "we will steal upon them unobserved, and throw them overboard."

They stole slowly along the beach, and suddenly jumping into the boat, seized the two spies, and threw them into the sea.

The fellows, when recovered from their confusion and surprize, swam out, and ran as swiftly as possible into the woods.

Ulric leaped out of the boat, and ran to carry in Ilvina, who stood trembling on the beach. He caught her up in his arms, and was just conveying her on board; when a number of men rushed out of the

wood, and one of them threw a stone at Ulric, which struck him, and obliged him to fall, with Ilvina in his arms, into the water, which was fortunately shallow. Ulric soon recovered his feet. He placed Ilvina in the boat, whilst Rudolph, with an oar, kept off the assailants. One of them seized the end of the boat. Ulric cut off his hand with his sword, and immediately pushed off.

They were hardly got clear of the island, when they perceived the enemy had put to sea in the galley, and were pursuing with all their might. Rudolph and Ulric strained every nerve upon the oars; but the enemy had a much greater number of oars, and evidently gained ground upon them. When they quitted the island, it blew a stiff breeze towards

the main land. This breeze increased,— now blew a hurricane. The vessels were violently tossed. The galley approached the boat. They could distinctly hear their pursuers hailing them to stop; but all in vain. Now they were still nearer, and now they were along-side, when a tremendous wave drove them asunder, and breaking to windward of the galley, carried away her oars. She was thus rendered nearly unmanageable, and was tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves. The fury of the storm increased. Those in the boat expected instant destruction. They, however, made way with prodigious rapidity, and found themselves visibly drawing near the shore. Ulric foresaw that they must inevitably be dashed headlong upon it. All they could do, was to endeavour to steer the boat upon the most sandy part of the

beach. Every wave brought them much nearer. They were now so near, that they could almost touch the dry land,—and now, a deluging sea succeeded, and hurled them on the beach.

Ulric clasped Ilvina in his arms. They were thrown violently forward, half suffocated with sand, water, and foam. The wave had scarcely retreated, when they were dragged on shore by somebody,—who, when he had drawn them to dry land, poured forth the most fervent thanks for their escape.

Ulric raised his head to thank this kind stranger; he started back, gazed a moment, and then instantly darting forward, locked the stranger in his arms. Rudulph did the same; and then, both quitting

their embrace, gave way to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.

"Good God!" exclaimed Ulric, when he recovered the use of his tongue, "can I believe my eyes? Is it thee, Hugo? How is it possible? Why did we not see you drowned, How could you, how did you escape?"

"Patience, my good Lord," cried Hugo. "I'll tell you all time enough, you must now attend to your own safety. Retire into the woods which skirt the coast, and I will wait on the beach, 'till I see what becomes of the galley."

They followed his directions, and withdrew into the woods, where they seated themselves under a far-spreading tree.

"Joy! Joy!" exclaimed Hugo, who soon followed them, "all is over now. They were driven furiously against the rocks, the vessel was wedged betwixt them, repeated waves lashed her, 'till at length she went to pieces, and every soul on board perished." Ilvina shuddered. Ulric sighed, and Rudolph solemnly exclaimed, "Peace be with their souls!" "But Hugo," cried Rudolph, "we are still at a loss to account for thy appearance here."

"Yes," exclaimed Ulric, "tell us, my good friend, by what happy, though to us incomprehensible means, thou art once more restored to us. Trust me, Hugo, thou hast often given me pleasure, but thou never hast given me so much before."

"Dearly, my lord," said Hugo, whilst they all leant forward to hearken, "dearly did I repent my obstinate neglect of your injunctions; nor can I ever sufficiently testify my gratitude to God, for the miraculous escape which I have had. The great flood had occasioned the river to overflow its banks, and on the farther side a great quantity of water did not run over the precipitous fall, but made its way over a sloping bank on one side of the cataract, which, when the river was in its ordinary size, no water ran over. After I had spoken, as I thought for the last time with you, I was swept precipitately along, still however making every exertion to gain the opposite side. A trunk of a tree was floating down the stream, I caught hold of it; was sustained above the water by it, and redoubled my efforts. We were just on the edge of

the precipice: a rock which rose above the surface caught the trunk of the tree, which, turning round with the shock, one end remained wedged in the rock, and the other extended over the edge of the river, so as nearly to reach the part where the water ran down the sloping bank. I clasped my arms firmly round the tree and determined to cling by it, 'till my strength was a little recruited, for now I was quite spent. My situation was abundantly painful, I was hanging by my arms with only my head above water, the foam of the river was continually dashing over me, and the dreadful din of the roaring waterfall stunned my ears. In this perilous situation I remained for some time, nearly insensible; and the last circumstance I recollect, was the tree loosening by the continual action of the flood, and it and I rolling together over the

waterfall. My senses forsook me; I knew nothing more 'till I found myself lying on the side of the river with the tree, my saviour, beside me. It was dark night, I endeavoured to recollect what had happened; at first all seemed to be like a dream. My recollection however became by degrees more perfect, and my first act was to return thanks to God for my miraculous escape. On reflecting, I concluded that my arms were so strongly fixed to the tree, that even my insensibility did not loosen my grasp. That end of the tree, which was nearest the part where the waters of the river flowed down the slope, had given way first, and I was hurried down this, and thrown on shore at the bottom. I was extremely faint for want of refreshment, and recollecting the fisherman's hut which we had observed, and which was the ori-

ginal object of my rash attempt, I, tho' with difficulty, climbed up the bank, and directed my staggering steps towards the part where I thought it was situated. A light from one of the windows soon directed me to it. I heard a considerable noise within, groans I thought, and angry voices. I hesitated a moment, and then knocked. All within was instantly still. A small bustle seemed to succeed, but no one came near the door. I knocked again. In a few moments the door was opened by a man of a ghastly appearance, who held a light in his left hand, but concealed his right behind his back. I asked if they could give me lodging for the night, and I would amply reward them. The man hesitated; he went away, and soon returned in company with two others, who enquired what I wanted. I informed them. They talked

for a moment apart, and then, the first bade me to come in, and I should meet with every accommodation in their power. There was nothing terrifying in these words, — and yet there was something in the tone in which they were pronounced which made me shudder. I entered, however, and was put into a room where was a good fire. Some old arms were hung up against the walls; nothing, however, which could excite reasonable suspicion.

“ The man who had first come to the door, and who had always kept his right-arm concealed, now inadvertently exposed it. I looked at it, and, with horror, perceived that it was stained with blood. The man observed me looking at his hand. He changed colour, and quitted the room. He soon returned, and the

blood was washed off. One of the men fried some fish, upon which we made a hearty meal; and I was offering to pay them for my supper, when one of them refused, and said, we will settle that to-morrow. I answered, that I must continue my journey that night. This they all declared I should not do; and rather than irritate them by refusals, I consented to stay, secretly determining to escape out of the window of my apartment. I was shewn into a room, the door of which was shut on me, and bolted on the outside. They had given me a piece of pine wood, to light me to bed, and I immediately began to examine the room. With horror I perceived that it had no window, but was walled on every side. The door was old and crazy; and the heap of straw, upon which I was to lie, seemed, or at least my fancy suggested to me, that it was

stained with blood. I searched amongst the straw with my hand, and found an old rusty sword. This I grasped with joy, and calmly sat down on the straw, determined, if there was made, as I fully expected there would be, an attempt upon my life, I should at least sell it dearly. On one side of the room lay a heap of lumber. I turned this over, and found, that it concealed something wrapped up in a white sheet. I carefully and tremblingly unlapped it, fearful of making a noise, which might lead to detection. It contained a dead body, mangled in the most cruel manner. I grew sick with horror, and had nearly let fall the pine-light from my hand. I now determined to listen to what was going on in the other room." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed one of the ruffians, "what shall we do to lay that ghost? but yesterday,

when I was in bed, I saw it, wrapped in a long white robe, all clotted with blood, and a sword in it's hand. It shook the sword over me, and disappeared; leaving me in such a fright, that I almost determined to lead a different kind of life.

"I too saw it," cried another, and fainted with fright. "Aye," cried the third, "I now never dare go in the dark by myself." "Jesus and Mary! is not that it again?" "No," said the other, though trembling with fear, "'tis only the wind. Now, if we kill this fellow, we shall have his ghost as well as the other." "Speak lower, he'll hear you."

"After this, the conversation was continued in so low a tone, that I could hear no more. They all drew near the fire, and laid their heads almost close together.

“ Their superstitious terrors inspired me with an idea of turning them to my own advantage. Through one of the cracks in the door I introduced the point of the sword, and forced back the bolt, without disturbing the trio. I could now open the door without noise. I wrapped the sheet, which was dyed with blood, round me, and, holding the sword in my right-hand in a menacing attitude, I stalked into the next room, and got almost close behind them unperceived, when, holding the sword over their heads, uttered a dismal groan. They all started up in an instant. It is in vain to attempt to describe the terror with which they were seized, at the sight of such an apparition. They all ran howling out of the house, without daring to cast a look behind them. I did not judge it prudent to remain long after them; but, in order to punish them,

in some degree, for their abominable practices, I set fire to the house, and immediately fled into the woods. There I remained till broad day-light, without seeing more of my treacherous hosts. The swell of the river was much abated ; but, unwilling to risk a repetition of my yesterday's misfortune, I determined to wait till it should be perfectly safe. By noon, it seemed sufficiently so. I plunged in, and swam across. On the opposite bank I found the monument you had made of my arms, and from that I learnt, that you concluded, and it was indeed natural that you should conclude, that I was dead. I was at first puzzled to know which way you had gone ; but concluding, that you would probably follow the course of the river, I pursued that route. At the village I was informed, that persons, answering to the description I gave of you,

had appeared there, but that they went towards the sea-shore, and had not been seen since. That they had misssed one of their boats, which the villagers concluded you had taken away. I went to the shore, and was despondingly wandering up and down, considering where I should next direct my course, when I perceived a boat tossed violently by the tempest, hurled on the beach, and the people in imminent danger of being carried out again by the next wave.

“I plunged in to save them, and had the supreme happiness to find, that in saving them, I saved Ulric and Ilvina.”

“Thanks, Hugo,” cried Ulric, affectionately taking his hand, “and may I hope that thou wilt never again subject thyself to the danger of drowning, in

order to procure me a dinner. But the short-lived tempest which dashed us on shore is now passed away, and a serene placid calm gilds the glassy surface of ocean. Let us descend to the beach, and see in what situation things are there."

They all went to the sea-side, and beheld scattered every where the sad remains of Lodrog's vessel. Here lay the broken oars, here a piece of the prow; there one of the benches, and there her keel. She was dashed into a thousand pieces. — The soldiers of Lodrog lay mangled, from being dashed against the rocks; mangled to such a degree that their features could scarcely be distinguished. "Ah!" exclaimed Ilvina, with tears in her eyes, on recognizing a dead body, "here is Calmar. O, Ulric! if

thou lovest Ilvina, thou wilt weep for Calmar. Rudolph and Hugo come hither, and mourn over the brave, mourn over the fallen Calmar. 'Twas thou that protectedst the wretched; thou wast always the shield of the distressed. Though thou wast bold, thou wast not cruel; though thou wast faithful to thy lord, thou didst not fawn upon him, thou reprov'dst his vices; thou pitiedst our misfortunes. Weep, weep over fallen Calmar. Thou art fallen in the full bloom of youth and manly virtue; as the oak of the forest, beneath whose shade the tender shrubs and flowers were sheltered from the blast, from the scorching heat and pinching cold, falls before the lightning of heaven. It falls. Those whom it protected wither away, and the flower droops its tender head and diffuses its odour no more.— Weep, weep over fallen Calmar."

“O Thou,” exclaimed Ulric, raising his hands in supplication, “who sittest enthroned in darkness or in the radiance of ineffable light, whose breath is the roaring storm, whose voice is the thunder of heaven, hear a virgin’s prayer. Return, O God! on Calmar’s honour’d shade, those bounties which he, whilst in life, bestowed on Ilvina. Thou wast bold, O Calmar! Thy soul delighted in battle; but thou pitiedst the weak in arm. Thou launchedst the lightning of thy steel on the dark in soul; the tyrant bled before Calmar. Prince of warriors! my heart beats over thee. I see in idea the deeds thou wouldst have atchiev’d, had not cold-handed death chill’d thy glowing soul.” “Farewel, Calmar!” cried Rudolph; “though leagued in a bad cause, thy soul was pure.” “Farewel, Calmar!” exclaimed Hugo; “thine

arm was strong in battle; the foe melted before thee, as wax in the presence of the sun's meridian's heat: but in peace thou wast like the setting beam, mild, though radiant."

With tears they performed the last rites to Calmar; and having interred, as well as they could, the companions of Podrog, they bent their way towards the village. The gloom which the death of Calmar had cast over them, was soon dissipated by the joy of their meeting; and they entered the village with much more pleasure than they had quitted it.

Here they entered a decent cottage, the honest inhabitants of which prepared them a plentiful repast. Whilst it was preparing, Ulric satisfied the man whose boat he had seized; and, at the same

time, engaged one, with a number of able barge-men, to convey them next morning to Osel.

Seated at the genial board, with Rudolph and Hugo by their sides, what could equal the happiness of Ulric and Ilvina! They gazed on each other with looks of the most ardent affection; and, happy in each others company, it was not till late that they retired to repose. As the cottage only contained one apartment, Ulric, Rudolph, and Hugo were obliged to sleep in the open air; where they enjoyed a more sound repose than they had for long been blessed with.

Scarcely had the golden-haired orb, of morning diffused its ruddy beams, when Ulric was informed that his boatmen

waited for him on the beach. Taking Ilvina's arm under his own, he immediately repaired to the beach, attended by a whole crowd of villagers, to whom his generosity had already endeared him. Accompani'd by their blessings and acclamations, the happy company put to sea.

A perfect calm diffused a glassy stillness on the surface of the deep; every thing around seemed to breathe of peace and joy. The boatmen chanted rude songs to the cadence of their oars; whilst Ulric and Ilvina, Rudolph and Hugo, seated at the stern, amused themselves with interesting conversation.

"But, my dearest Ilvina," said Ulric, "you have never favoured us so far as to inform us of what happened to you since our last cruel separation."

Hvina, with downcast eyes and graceful blush, began her narration.

“ Little has occurred to me, sufficiently interesting to deserve your attention.— What little has happened I will endeavour to relate.”

“ At that unfortunate moment when you, my lord, was lying insensible on the shore, and your men giving way on every side, I was seized, and in spite of my screams and struggles, I was fixed before a horseman, who immediately galloped off with me. The whole party followed. We continued to gallop furiously 'till the horses seemed ready to drop. We now arrived at an open part of the forest and halted. Here a man in armour, who by his voice and figure I knew to be

Lodrog, came up, and thus accosted me. So, madam, he cried, in brutal tone, you thought to escape, did you. Thanks to fortune you are once more in my possession, and see now whether your minion will again rescue you. Shame, my Lord, cried Calmar, who now came up, should prevent you from insulting a captive, and affection should prevent you from insulting Ilvina. Silence, Calmar, exclaimed Lodrog, keep thy admonitions to thyself. At present I shall waste no more time in words. He quitted me, and I thought was about to disband his men, as all galloped off in different directions. I was again placed upon a horse before a man, who, with Lodrog and Calmar, set off on full speed. I here dropped one of my bracelets, in hopes that if you was pursuing us it might direct you what course to take."

"It did direct me," interrupted Ulric. "I found the bracelet, and have preserved it for thy sake. I now joyfully restore it to the fair and dearly beloved owner."

"I thought," continued Ilvina, "that we were to have had no more attendance, and was much surprized to meet all the men again at the extremity of a long valley. I now found that the dispersion was only a manœuvre to confound you in the pursuit, as seeing such a diversity of tracts you would be at a loss which to follow. Here Lodrog gave some further directions, but what I could not discover, and then once more proceeded. About twenty men now followed us, the rest were stationed at the outlet of this valley, nor did I ever see them more. We had brought most of the

horses along with us, which belonged to the men who were left behind, in order to relieve those we rode upon. Towards evening we arrived at a cave, where dwelt a strange uncouth hermit. Here we halted. The hermit, who it seems knew Lodrog, had a long conference with him, the subject of which I do not know. We halted here for the night, and at break of day continued our journey. The whole of that day we travelled without intermission, and towards night reached the village near the shore. Here I was so ill with fatigue and anxiety of mind, that I really thought I should not have survived the night. Lodrog next morning was for placing me in an open boat, and hurrying me away, but Calmar would not permit him. He swore that if Lodrog attempted to remove me that day, it should not be so long as he had

a drop of blood to shed in my cause. Words grew high. Lodrög ordered Calmar to begone and betray his retreat to Ulric. Calmar replied, that he would not have accompanied him so far, but to protect me from his insults, and added, that no one should injure Lodrog, whilst he could lift a spear in his defence. Lodrog at length consented to let me remain there for that day. Next morning however, in spite of all that Calmar could urge to the contrary, I was hurried on board a galley which was borrowed from a neighbouring baron, and after the most dreadful denunciations of vengeance on the inhabitants of the village if they should betray him, Lodrog entered, and we were immediately rowed over to the Island. I concluded at first that this Island was to be my abode whilst

I lived, which, from the inroads which grief was rapidly making on my health and spirits, I flattered myself would not be long. I learnt however from their conversation, that this was to be only a temporary residence, 'till I consented to become the bride of Lodrog, and 'till the castle of Hedemora was put in a proper state of defence, so as to be able to defy the utmost efforts of Ulric. Lodrog insisted on my marrying him, and, on my refusal, flew into the most unbounded fits of passion. He stormed, raged, and declared with the most dreadful imprecations, that if I did not yield to his entreaties, he would make use of force. To what lengths he would have proceeded, I know not, had not my cries brought Calmar to my assistance. The enraged tyrant reproached him in the most opprobrious terms, for his daring to inter-

fare; and I, seizing the opportunity which their dispute gave me, fled into the woods. There I had wandered for some time, when I was seized by one of Lodrog's men, who was dragging me back to my oppressor, when you, my Ulric, like a guardian angel, flew to my relief."

Ilvina thus concluded her narrative.

Ulric affectionately embraced her. "Dear as thou hast always been to me," cried he, "thou art now doubly so, since I have heard thee recount the perils thou hast undergone on my account. Our trials, I trust, Ilvina, are now at an end, and the future part of our lives shall be dedicated to love and joy."

Fortune seemed now determined to atone to this hitherto hapless pair, for the

ruggedness of their destinies. They cut the yielding ocean with celerity, and the gently curling billows foamed round their blackened prow.

Now, down the sloping path of declining day, the sun urged his fiery steeds, who longed to lave their fervid limbs in ocean; who longed to replenish, with fresh stores of light, the blazing car of morning.

Now, from the sober mantled west, the grey-tinctured veil of twilight seemed gradually to diffuse itself over the star-bespangled heavens, and the last faint blushes of departing day illumed the distant mountains, which seemed rising out of ocean.

THE SCANDINAVIAN TALE. III

"Joy! Joy!" exclaimed Hugo, "yonder rise the hills of Osel, the snow-capped mountains of our happy native isle. Ulric, Rudulph, look! look! see them just rising out of the surface of the deep! We shall reach them to-night; to-morrow, all will be joy."

"Ilvina," said Ulric, "the sweetness of thy voice hath often soothed my breast; once more enchant our souls with thy extatic melody."

"Of what shall I sing, my lord?" enquired the fair one.

"Of what is pleasing to thee," replied Ulric; "let it be, ~~—~~ what you like."

"I will sing," said Ilvina, modestly looking down.

"Begin, we are all impatience," cried the knights.

I.

Grey-ey'd maid whose russet stole,
 At the placid eve of day;
 Calmly steals upon the soul,
 Maiden clad in sober grey.

II.

Sinking in the burning west,
 The sun declining bends his way;
 Thou lull'st the soul to placid rest,
 Maiden clad in sober grey.

III.

The birds who shady groves among,
 Chant their merry roundelay;
 Cease at thy approach their song,
 Maiden clad in sober grey.

IV.

The hunter on the northern plain
 Homely plods his weary way,
 Fearful of thy misty reign,
 Maiden clad in sober grey.

Ilvina ceased. They all returned her thanks; and Ulric asked Hugo to favor them next.

“ Ah !” said Hugo, “ my songs are all of a very coarse nature. I have none fit for ladies; but since you ask me, I will give you * Liberty, an Ode.”

* Perhaps the reader may be startled at the horrible violation of classical authority committed in personifying Liberty as a god. But, perhaps, on a little consideration, the violence of this innovation will appear in a less offensive light. Though the polished inhabitants of Greece might consider Liberty as decked in the engaging attire of an amiable female; might consider her as necessarily connected with peace, arts, and science, yet how seldom was this prospect realized ! How often, to maintain this Liberty which they idolized, had they to support toils and exertions which would be more consonant with the rugged votaries of the god of battle, than with the feminine softness of the goddess of Liberty !

If

II.

There was a time, when Northern sons of might
 Poured forth unnumber'd myriads to the field;
 For Freedom's sacred cause could dauntless fight,
 And clash defiance on each bracing shield.

If such was the situation of the Greeks, how much more so was it that of the inhabitants of the North, breathing nothing but blood and slaughter. The ferocious courage of those hardy hordes appeared in emanations of desperate valour, which gained and retained that liberty, which, at one period, they exclusively enjoyed.

Could they, with hands reeking with the blood of their foes, recent from the field of death, grim with wounds, and horrible with scars, suppose themselves to be acceptable votaries at the throne of a goddess who delighted in peace, in happiness. No, 'tis surely more natural to represent them as kneeling before a deity who could aid them in the severest conflicts in which they engaged; to represent them as kneeling before a god.

On these grounds I have ventured, in violation and defiance of the custom of the poets of the south, to make my ferocious Hugo address the GOD OF LIBERTY.

The

THE SCANDINAVIAN TALE. 115

When the keenly billing blade
For Freedom's holy cause was sway'd,
When faulchions clash'd and helmets rung,
When in air the javelin sung.
When firm as iron, unconstrain'd as wind,
The god-like savage dar'd to be a man;
Dar'd to assert his dignity of mind,
And heav'nly fervour thro' the nations ran.
When sheath'd in iron, rough with many a wound,
The North on Freedom call'd, and gloried in the
sound.

III.

When on the dastard sons of Southern pride,
The Northern hive pour'd forth their countless swarms,
When on the Po, or Roman Tiber's side,
Flash'd the rude glare of rude barbarian arms.
The period is supposed to be at that time, when
the original freedom of the Feudal Institution had
degenerated into a tyrannical aristocracy.

O'er Valdormo's flow'ry mead,
 Rush our troops with thund'ring speed ;
 His glory quench'd in endless night,
 The vanquish'd Eagle hastes his flight.
 Thou queen of nations, sovereign of the world,
 Majestic ROME ! immeasurably great,
 From the high summits of Ambition hurl'd,
 Thou mourn'st in Northern chains thy lost
 estate.
 Couch'd at thy feet the conquer'd Eagles lie,
 And hang the drooping wing, and close the
 dazzl'd eye,

IV.

Sublime in air the God's gigantic form
 Trode on the lightnings and defied the storm,
 His flashing eye-balls blaz'd with heav'nly blue,
 Wide to the blast his hair unfetter'd flew.
 His heav'nly visage gleam'd with radiant light,
 Loose round his limbs was thrown his robe of
 white.

THE SCANDINAVIAN TALE. 117

Bending from heaven's high vault, the God-head
spoke,
Loud as the thunder's roar, his awful accents
broke.

V.

Sons of the North, once Freedom's dearest care,
Once more in arms your scar-worn limbs array;
Rouse your tough souls, once more for Freedom
dare,
Awake from Slav'ry's night, to Freedom's day.
Through the steely ranks of war,
Urge the madding scythed car;
Headlong o'er the blood-drench'd plain,
Drive the despot's dastard train.
Ye ancient chiefs unconquerably bold,
Whose blood once stream'd in Freedom's holy
cause;
Rise from the grave, indignantly behold
The despot's triumph o'er your country's laws;
Rise from the grave, ye dauntless in the fight,
Inspire your dastard sons, and string their nerves
with might.

IV.

O Scandinavia! thy once-smiling plains

No more are gilt by freedom's genial day;

A moonless night of despotism reigns,

Uncheer'd by smiling hope's enliv'ning ray.

Peace and plenty charm no more,

Banish'd from the wretched shore;

They forsake their ancient reign,

Gall'd by despotism's chain.

Rouse then, my sons, e'er crush'd by weightier
woes,

Your callous souls are dead to freedom's glow;

Direct your efforts 'gainst your country's foes,

Whilst yet your spirit dares to deal the blow:

In Freedom's cause your ardent fronts uprear,

Revenge the guiltless blood, revenge the grief-
wrong tear.

V.

As when advancing from the placid west,

Comes pale-ey'd evening, clad in russet vest,

Mildly she steals upon each yielding mind,

Her horrent shadows lurking far behind;

Till sol retir'd, she free and uncontrol'd
 Usurps his power, and lords it o'er the world;
 So despotism, with slow, though sure advance,
 She first assumes her power, then shakes her
 purpl'd lance.

Hugo ceased; and Ulric, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "mayest thou fight for liberty as well as thou hast sung for him, and thy country will stand in need of no better defender.

Hugo, bowing, replied, "that the liberties of Osel were in no danger, whilst Ulric was it's lord." They were now advanced near to Osel. They could already distinguish the entrance of the bay, at the head of which the family castle of Ulric was situated. Soon they found themselves at the entrance of the bay. "Here," cried Ulric, "we must remain

for to-night,—we must wait the morning dawn, before it will be safe to venture into the harbour."

With the morning, what a delicious prospect opened itself to Ilvina. She had never visited the isle of Osel before, and she contemplated the sight of it with the utmost delight. They were in a small bay, the entrance of which was nearly closed by two jutting rocks, so as to form a natural and secure harbour. At the upper end of this harbour was a black rock, which jutted perpendicularly into the water. Upon this rock was built, a castle, whose heavy towers frowned on the limpid ocean, which reflected them on its undulating surface. The gilded vanes of the castle blazed to the morning sun. The foot of the rock was surrounded by a grove of trees, which waved their

pliant heads to the odoriferous breezes of the morn. Along the sides of the harbour, hamlets, and houses, were scattered, with a beautiful irregularity, and the antique ruins of a dismantled convent appeared above the groves, which formed a beautiful natural boundary to the lawn which surrounded the harbour. In the back ground the hills rose above one another in gentle swells, clad with trees, of the most beautiful verdure; and here and there the eye was relieved by a bold rock standing out from the surrounding objects. Sometimes, at intervals, between the hills, the eye caught a glance of a delightful winding glen, extending up the country.

Ulric, who had been giving directions to the boatmen, now rejoined the fair Ilvina. "There," said he, pointing to

the castle, "there stands Carlsrona, now mine."

"How like you, my dearest Ilvina, the appearance of the country?"

"'Tis beautiful," said she, with energy. "What an air of peace and happiness, of delicious content, every thing breathes. I know not to what cause to attribute it, whether to the peculiar air of the place, or the charming serenity of the morning; but I feel an unusual and delightful elevation of spirits. My heart beats high with hopes of future happiness, and ——."

"Long may it continue to beat so," interrupted Ulric, affectionately embracing her: "but, as we approach the shore, I observe my people assembling on the beach. I hear, by their acclamations,

that they know me. O, how will their honest souls exult, when I shew them my Ilvina! —."

They now drew up to the shore. An immense croud of people were assembled, whose shouts and acclamations rent the air, upon perceiving Ulric, and his gallant knights, Rudolph and Hugo.

Ulric leaped on the sands. He handed Ilvina out of the boat, and, taking her by the hand, thus addressed the joyous multitude: "Hear me, inhabitants of Osel and Dago, if any be present. Oft have ye intreated me to give you a lady. I have now gratified your wishes, by presenting you with Ilvina. Men of Osel, you see she is beautiful; she is virtuous and amiable. Receive her kindly, men of Osel,—for Ulric will judge of your

affection to him, by your treatment to Ilvina."

The shouts of approbation, which were now redoubled, convinc'd Ulric and Ilvina of the cordiality of their welcome.

"Let some one," said Ulric, "hasten to the castle, to inform my mother of our arrival. To-morrow the marriage ceremony shall be performed."

The happy subjects of Ulric made way for their prince; who, through innumerable multitudes, conducted Ilvina to the castle. The draw-bridge was let down. The great gates were thrown wide open; the ensign waved over the watch-tower. They entered the outer court, where all the guards were standing under arms. The military music was

playing. The soldiers, though they were not permitted to quit their ranks, gave every possible demonstration of joy. — They next pass'd through the inner court, where the domestics were all assembled. The mother of Ulric, hearing of her son's arrival, hastened to meet him. Ulric sprung forward, and embraced her with the utmost affection; she returned his embrace with equal cordiality. He then conducted her to Ilvina, who dropped on her knees to demand her blessing, which the old lady gave without the least hesitation; then, tenderly raising her from the ground, and gazing for a moment on Ilvina's beautiful countenance, which was suffused with blushes, she turned towards Ulric.

" Little do I wonder, my son, that you have reported this lady beautiful; she is

angellically so. Come to my arms, my dearest child! thou shalt be as a daughter to me. Never can I sufficiently thank my Ulric for bringing me such a companion. Let us enter the castle without further delay; you, my dearest Ilvina, must be fatigued with your toilsome journey. It shall be my endeavour to recruit your spirits."

"Enter, my Ilvina," said Ulric; "this castle, and all that it contains are thine."

Ulric committed Ilvina to the care of his mother, whilst he went himself to make enquiries which his long absence rendered both interesting and necessary. He was particularly anxious for the safety of his troops who had been scattered by the storm, and of whose fate he was ignorant. With joy he learnt that they

had all arrived safe at Osel. He then dismissed messengers to the island of Dago, to proclaim the news of his arrival, and to invite all the chief persons to a banquet in the great hall of the castle, and all others, who could conveniently come, to a feast on the plain.

When he returned to the castle, he enquired of his mother concerning Ilvina; and was informed that, exhausted with fatigue, she had, after taking a slight refreshment, retired to rest, and had dropped asleep.

Ulric now went to give the necessary orders for to-morrow's banquet; having performed this he returned to his mother. "But, my dear son," said she, "though I have already heard from your soldiers

those events which happened before the time when you ordered home the last ship, containing only twenty men, I have never heard what has occurred to you since, or by what lucky accident you discovered Ilvina."

"With all this, madam," replied Ulric, "I will make you fully acquainted;" and accordingly related to her the whole series of adventures which had happened to him since that period.

The sun rose from ocean. From the dark tumbling of the oozy-bosomed deep he lashed his fiery-maned coursers; round his celestial brows flamed a radiant crown. He shook the glittering reins which hung loose on the fervid necks of his fiery neighing steeds. From the gleaming car blazed the refulgence of day. Swift,

before his approach, flew the murky shades of sable-mantled night,—and the pale moon hastened to hide her once radiant head in the restless bosom of the foam-silvered deep. Before his blue path in the heaven, the rosy-fingered dawn strewed her flowers, while the gentle jocund zephyrs tossed, with their breezy breath, her yellow hair. The smiling earth poured forth her choicest fruits, and all nature rejoiced in the presence of the God of day. All nature rejoiced; all nature rejoiced on the auspicious day which was to unite Ulric and Ilvina.

As, when the incense-breathing breezes of morn sigh through the verdant grove, —when, from the adjoining dew-be-spangled meads, the birds from every spray pour forth their wild and artless notes,—when, attracted by the music,

the feathered inhabitants of the adjacent groves come fluttering on lightly panting wings to join their throats to swell the artless strain ; so many, so gay, so happy, did the harmless inhabitants of Osel come thronging before the walls of Carlsrona. Borne on the light boats, with many a dashing oar, did the inhabitants of Dago cross the foam-crested waves, which rolled their never-ceasing course between the happy isles. Their light vessels touch the shore ; they disembark, and, mingling with the people of Osel, all spread themselves in irregular groups along the winding beach, among the waving groves.

Now, the gates of the castle were thrown open, and Ulric descended to meet his people. Unarmed, and with his head uncovered, he advanced to meet them. His yellow hair flowed in easy ringlets

round his well-turned neck ; his bright eye shot flashes of delight ; his glowing cheek was red with joy. No gorgeous embroidery cloathed his manly limbs ; the graceful symmetry of his figure needed no such ornament. His people thronged round him ; they threw themselves at his feet, and would have embraced his knees, but Ulric would not permit them ; he raised them, and smiling with graceful benignity, thus addressed them :

“ Why, ye free-born sons of Scandinavia, will ye distress Ulric with your affection ? — Bend not the abject knee to me. I wish not to tyrannise, but to rule over you. Rise, my faithful people, I command ye to rise. I wish ye to think me your friend, not your lord. Rise, Scandinavians, Ulric would rather labour among the free, than reign among slaves.”

He ceased. The people, who had listened with mute attention, now expressed their approbation by a shout, as loud as the roar of the waves of the Baltic, when they whirl their foamy heads on some jutting rock which projects with lowering brow into the dark green tumbling of eddying ocean, when the echoing hills resounded to their hoarse roar, did the thousands of Osel make the valley ring. : Ulric, with a graceful inclination of body, made them a return, and at noon he cried, "I wed Ilvina."

Silent expectation sat throned in the face of each one. The gates of the castle open, and Ulric appears. He leads Ilvina by the hand, who casts down her beautiful eyes, while her angelic face receives fresh beauty from the modest suffusion of her cheeks.

A magnificent procession followed, but no one could attend to it; every eye was directed towards Ulric and Ilvina. Superior in beauty, superior in grace, their hearts beating high with love, while pleasure glowed on their cheeks, they lightly trode the ground. The fairest of the maids of Osel, dressed in white robes, strewed their path with fragrant flowers, while, on all sides, the joyous acclamations of the multitude rent the air.

They reached the abbey church of St. Paul, the gates of which were wide open to receive them. A thousand waxen tapers illumed the gloomy aisle; a thousand priests, in white vestments, chanted the sacred hymns, while the loud solemn organ pealed the long resounding anthem, the bold Gothic arches, and the richly sculptured shrines, re-echoed to the sound.

At their entrance all was hushed to a dead silence. The priests ceased to chant,—the organ became mute,—and the spectators almost ceased to breathe, so deeply were they impressed with reverential awe.

Clad in the sacred robes of his holy office, the mitre on his head, the gilded crosier in his hand, his white beard flowing over his breast, raising his hands to heaven, the patriarch of Osel pronounced the nuptial benediction over the kneeling pair. No sooner was it pronounced, than the monks began again to chant, and the organ again rolled its thunders.

The ceremony over: the whole procession was returning to the castle, when they descried a boat just arrived at the shore. From this boat a knight was

landed, and a courser. The knight vaulted on his back, and, plunging his spurs into his sides, galloped furiously towards the procession. As he drew near he closed his vizer, and, couching his lance, exclaimed, in a frantic tone of voice, "Ulric, yield Ilvina, or buy her with my blood —."

'Twas the voice of Lodrog. Ulric started; Ilvina shrieked, and clung closer to him.

"Aye," exclaimed the baron, with a voice choaked with rage, "hug him close, you will not long be his. — Come, recreant, meet me in arms, hang not thy craven crest, or, by this sword, I'll tear her from thee, in spite of thy thousands."

"Ulric," said Rudolph, "let me meet this boaster. Your life is sacred to your country, to Ilvina. On my sword shall he bleed —."

"Stay," cried Hugo, "I claim the combat as mine. The blood of Olinda still dims the sword I wear; I have sworn to avenge her and now the fated moment is come, —."

"Gallant knight," interrupted Ulric, "I thank ye for your friendly zeal. But, knight, I will meet my rival—He has called me out, and I should eternally blot my fame should I not accept the defiance. The wrongs of Ilvina sit heavy on my sword; the just will prevail. Weep not, my Ilvina. If Ulric falls when he fights for you, he is beneath your notice; fear not my love —."

"O my Ulric, my dearest husband," exclaimed Ilvina, "thou art about to tear thyself from me;—Go not, Ulric; thou shalt not go.—O cruel, wilt thou not remain when Ilvina intreats, kneels to thee? O Ulric.—"

She was unable to proceed; overcome by contending emotions, she fainted away. She was immediately borne into the castle, whither Ulric followed to arm and prepare for the engagement. He gave positive injunctions that, should he fall, Lodrog should be permitted to retire unmolested; but that Ilvina should not accompany him unless voluntarily. He ordered the castle gates to be shut; and, mounting his courser, took the field. Lodrog descried him approaching; he couched his lance, and goading his steed with his

bloody spurs, he urged him furiously against Ulric.

As if from opposite quarters of the heavens, two stars should call forth all their fire, should bend their dread course against each other, their baleful fires shedding pestilence as they fly, 'till with dreadful concussion they confound their jarring sphere: all nature trembles with the dreadful shock; the pale queen of night shrinks with fear, and the orb of day hides his red head in clouds; so rushed the chiefs together, and so the people trembled around.

Their spears are splintered. They themselves are unmoved. At once they draw their massy swords, wheel their foaming steeds, and mix their thund-

ring blows. Rising in their stirrups, they smite the ringing helms. The steeds mix their smoaking breath together; their lords wind them, turn them, and each endeavours to pierce his foe. The sword of Lodrog glanced off the shield of Ulric, and smote his courser behind the ear. Mad with pain, the animal, regardless of the rein or curb, reared and plunged; his lord could not restrain him. He impetuously galloped round the plain; Lodrog closely pursuing him. At length he fell, and dragged Ulric down. A groan of horror ran through the anxious spectators; but Ulric, bounding on his feet, deceived their fears.

Lodrog, regardless of the laws of chivalry, rushed at him on horseback, and wheeling his steed round and round, en-

deavoured to deal the fatal blow. Ulric turned as he turned; and resisted all his efforts: 'till, wearied with this unequal strife, with one blow he severed the courser's head. Lodrog disengaged himself from the body of his steed: and now the battle, once more equal, was renewed on foot with redoubled fury.

Their nodding crests waving defiance; their shields protended before them; their eyes flashing fire; each warrior bending forwards aimed the blow. The sparkles flew thick from their arms. Lodrog dealt a storm of thundering blows on the head of Ulric, who coolly received them. He saw that his antagonist must weary himself with his violent exertions. The strength of Lodrog began to fail; his blows were less frequent and less violent.

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Now Ulric assailed him in his turn. The combat for a moment was dreadful. Lodrog at length gave way. The blood streamed from his battered arms; through the riven plates he received many a grisly wound. His knees laboured, and could hardly support his weight; he felt his strength rapidly failing him; he made one furious effort; Ulric avoided his blow, and wheeling his gleaming sword in the air, plunged it through the double twisted mail, deep in the warrior's side. "This for Olinda," he cried. Again he waved the sword, and cleaving down the crashing skull, "This for my Ilvina." Lodrog fell thundring down. The stream of life flowed in purple currents through his gaping wounds; his muscles stiff with death, firmly gripped the sword, whilst a faint pulsation heaved his heart.

It ceased. Lodrog was no more. His countenance, though in death, still retained the ferocity which had distinguished him whilst living.

Ulric escaped without a dangerous wound. The shouts of the rejoicing people soon conveyed the joyous intelligence to his mother and his bride, who were waiting the result with the most agonizing anxiety. Borne on the wings of love, Ulric bounded across the plain. He clasped Ilvina in a close embrace, while she gently reproached him for risking his precious life. Ulric answered these affectionate reproaches by fresh caresses, and the whole castle rung with the sounds of joy. A plenteous feast was prepared for the inhabitants on the plain beneath the castle, where mirth and innocence reigned conjointly.

Thus passed the day; till the shades of evening began to darken the sky. The stars, now no longer eclipsed by the golden orb of day, once more resumed their lustre. A solemn stillness reigned over the earth, save where the nightingale poured her plaintive lay.

Then his noble guests being assembled in the court of the castle, Ulric, taking Ilvina by the hand, conducted them thro' a numerous suit of splendid apartments into the banqueting hall. Here, all that the mind can conceive of elegant magnificence was displayed; nor yet was there an ostentatious display. From the centres of the bold Gothic arches which formed the roofs, a thousand lights depended. Round the richly sculptured walls were hung, at due intervals, trophies of arms, testimonies of the ancient prowess of the

lords of Osel. A thousand banners waved above these arms, through whose deep purple the light cast a solemn glare. Beneath a splendid canopy, on the high-raised deis sat Ulric and Ilvina: their illustrious guests in two long lines occupied the immense table. A thousand menials attended on them, who handed round the sparkling beverage in rich-wrought glittering flaggons. From the gallery the sound of a hundred harps soothed every soul.

They sung of the race of Ulric. How, where Laponia lifts her snow-clad hills,—when, during frost, congeal the limpid streams,—where, midst the mountains of ice, the white bear prowls unmolested, was hardy Harold bred; rendered by the ruggedness of the climate superior to the feelings of pain. Wild as his

native snows,—untameable as his frosts,—
and hardy as the storm-beaten rock, he
bent his lonely course towards the milder
regions of the south.

They sung how alone in a small open
cliff, the sport of the winds, the sport
of the waves, the dauntless chief plowed
the foam-crested ocean. Thick shrouded
in his mists the orb of day regarded him
with malignant eye: the pale queen of
night wrapt her head in clouds; she
would not bestow one gleam of light on
Harold. The stars shot a pale portentous
glare, and the sighing of the winds was
heard across the silent deep.

They sung how louder and louder
roared the winds, but not a billow was
curled. Harold sat calm in his boat;
with both hands he plied the oars. A

thick low-hung vapour, of a dark fiery hue, round which the faint blue lightnings gleamed, rose from the bosom of the deep, and, with slow heavy motion, rolled towards the undaunted Harold. In vain he endeavoured to escape; his boat was fixed in the waves; even now the blue lightnings hissed on its side! when, far as the eye could reach, a blaze of light illumed the remote horizon, in gilding the distant hills, which just rose above ocean, with sudden day. From them appeared a bright celestial form, whose one foot touched the distant hills, whose other, with giant's stride, reached Harold's boat.

The vapour ceased to advance. From it arose the stupendous form of an aged man, whose towering head reached the skies, whose sea-green beard waved over his breast, whose coerulean locks were

with sedges crowned. Ocean groaned beneath him. Waving his hand, he spoke.

"Spirit of Osel, retire to thy rocks, leave the empire of the sea to me."

"Gloomy King of Ocean," replied the other form; "threaten others, I heed not thy wrath. My isle rises sublime from thy bosom, nor heeds the dark tumbling of the foaming waves. In vain do they lash my steadfast rocks, in vain do they resound along my echoing shores. Descend, King of Ocean, descend to thy deep waters, there lie, for Harold shall reach Osel."

"Proud son of mist," replied the darkening king, "shall thy will be preferred to mine? Go, vain spirit, seek thy profoundest grot. Thy trees shall be upturned, thy rock shall tremble; my bil-

lows shall howl over thine isle. Shall mortal man traverse my bosom against my will? Return, boasting spirit, return, for Harold shall die."

"Shall he die, King of Ocean? If he doth, my winds shall vex thy fretted billows, shall howl through the inmost recesses of thy hoary deep. From my bursting hills the streams of liquid fire shall hiss and roar in thy most secret retreats. Thy troubled waters shall boil round my heaving shore. King of Ocean descend, or my lightnings shall scath thy head."

With all his terrors the king melted away, the yawning billows received him in their opening bosoms. He sunk, and all was still. Harold looked round; the spirit of Osel was gone. The light still

blazed on her distant hills; he quickly made the shore, and founded thy race, O Ulric. Mayest thou long continue to imitate the god-like man."

The bards ceased. Peals of applause rung through the lofty roofs, and the guests by reiterated acclamations declared the pleasure they received. Joy gladdened every soul; delight flashed from every eye. Once more the bards tuned their melodious lyres, and once more the bold descant rolled through the trembling roofs of state.

The whole assembly sat entranced in calm attention; not a whisper was heard; they scarce seemed to breath, while the whole chorus of bards sweeping at once their lyres, poured forth the following strains.

ODE.

I.

WHERE the banner gaily streaming,

Flutters o'er the verdant plain;

There, their armour brightly gleaming,

Lies entrench'd the gallant train.

II.

There, their arms in exultation,

Clashing on the clanging shield;

They the sword of desolation,

Firmly grasp'd, triumphant wield.

III.

Gallant heroes, nought appall'd ye,

When from Osel's peaceful shore;

Ulric's voice indignant call'd ye

To the battle's horrent roar.

IV.

When, in all your terrors rising,

Great in arms you sought this coast;

And the hostile threats despising,

Bade proud Lodrog prove his boast.

.M.

O'er the foam-envelop'd ocean,
Swiftly sped the martial train;
Favouring winds, with rapid motion,
Bore you to the hostile plain.

.VI.

Now, your banners proudly streaming,
Float beneath yon hated towers;
And your armour brightly gleaming,
Threats severe the hostile powers.

.VII.

Lo! the portals, wide extended,
Usher forth the martial train;
There, by Calmar brave, attended,
Lodrog hastens to the plain.

.VIII.

Now the troops, with exultation,
Hurry, hurry to the field;
And the sword of desolation,
Firmly grasp'd, triumphant wield.

IX.

Now, with horrid din resounding,
Ming'd shouts and groans arise;
Now the trumpets, shrilly sounding,
Drown alike the shouts and cries.

X.

Swords on jarring armour clashing,
Strew with batter'd arms the ground;
Spears, thro' bucklers, harshly crashing,
Gore the breast with gristly wound.

XI.

There, in grinning fury striving,
Clench their teeth, and fix their eye,—
Thro' each breast the falchion driving,
Thousands fight, and thousands die.

XII.

Ulric there, with fierce resistance,
Checks the fury of the foe;
No one lends the chief assistance,
See! his crest'd head laid low.

XIII.

Furious Hugo there surrounded,
 Stands entrench'd on hills of slain;
 And by thousand foes confounded,
 Yields him to the victor's chain.

XIV.

To their camp our squadrons groaning,
 Slowly trace their irksome way;
 And their leader's fate bemoaning,
 Spend in grief the tedious day.

XIX.

XV.

—But, why give the hours to darkness,
 Which should sacred be to joy?
 Let your sorrow yield to gladness,
 Mirth alone the hours employ.

XX.

XVI.

Let no scenes of devastation
 Dare their hated forms to show;
 Let this balmy consolation
 Heal the source of every woe.

XVII.

Ye thro' danger, dauntless toiling,
 Bore alike fatigue and pain;
 'Till the fates, propitious smiling,
 Gave the prize ye wish'd to gain.

XVIII.

Noble Ulric! thee shall glory
 Blazen in the rolls of fame;
 Handed down to future story,
 Thou shalt bear a deathless name.

XIX.

Noble princess! rich thy station,
 Rich in people, rich in king;
 Thee, the muse, with exultation,
 Shall in future ages sing.

XX.

Noble pair! may ceaseless pleasure
 Gaily gild each passing day;
 And may joy's unbounded measure
 Former scenes of woe repay.

FINIS.